Godes pitie here comes her father.

Enter M. Page his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.

Pa. M. *Fenton* I pray what make you here?
You know my answere sir, shees not for you:
Knowing my vow, to blame to vse me thus,

Fen. But heare me speake sir.

Pa. Pray sir get you gon: Come hither daughter,
Sonne *Slender* let me speak with you. *(they whisper.*

Quic. Speake to Misteris *Page*.

Fen. Pray misteris *Page* let me haue your cõsent.

Mis. Pa. Ifaith M. *Fentõ* tis as my husband please.
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further

Quic. How say you this was my doings? (you.
I bid you speake to misteris *Page*.

Fen. Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell. *(Exit Fen.*

Quic. By my troth so I will, good hart. *(Slẽder*

Pa. Come wife, you an *I* will in, weele leaue M.
And my daughter to talke together. M. *Shallow*,
You may stay sir if you please.

Exit Page and his wife.

Shal. Mary *I* thanke you for that:
To her cousin, to her.

Slen. Ifaith *I* know not what to say.

An. Now M. *Slender*, whats your will? *(An,*

Slen. Godeso theres a *Ieste* indeed: why misteris
I neuer made wil yet: *I* thãk God I am wise inough

Shal. Fie cusse fie, thou art not right, *(*for that.
O thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father misteris *Anne*, good vncle
Tell the Ieste how my father stole the goose out of
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse
Anne. *Shal.*

Shal. He will make you ioynter of three hun
dred pound a yeare, he shall make you a Gentle
woman.

Slend. I be God that I vill, come cut and lon
taile, as good as any is in *Glostershire*, vnder the de
gree of a Squire.

An. O God how many grosse faults are hid,
And couered in three hundred pound a yeare?
Well M. *Slender*, within a day or two Ile tell you
more:

Slend. I thanke you good misteris *Anne*, vncle
shall haue her.

Quic. M. *Shallow*, M. *Page* would pray you to
come you, and you M. *Slender*, and you mistris *An*.

Slend. Well Nurse, if youle speake for me,
Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

Exit omnes but Quickly.

Quic. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you,
But specially for M. *Fenton*:
But specially of all for my Maister.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

Exit.

Enter misteris Ford and her two men.

Mis. For. Do you heare? when your M. comes
take vp this basket as you did before, and if your M.
bid you set it downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forsooth.

Enter Syr Iohn.

Mis. For. Syr *Iohn* welcome.

Fal. What are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. For. He is gone a birding sir *Iohn*, and I hope
will not come home yet.